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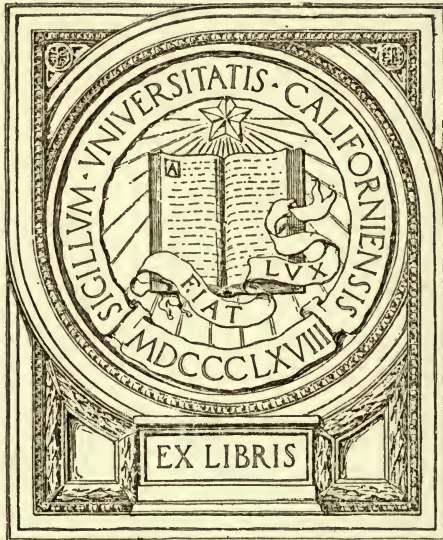


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GIFT OF



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A decorative border in a gold-leaf color surrounds the title. It features a rectangular frame with ornate, scrolled corners and a central horizontal band with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns.

The Infinite Thought

and
Other Poems

By
Elizabeth Mountcastle Johnson

March 19-1921.

University of
Berkeley, Ca
Gentlemen :-

The Illustrious
Madmen " , hailing you
under separa Poems , " The
Infinite Tho for a very
joyous Easte

1019 Florida

Le Johnson

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Dr. James Robertson

"I have kindly given me
your reference covering this
"Right Thoughts". Kindly send
your answer.

Very

Yours,
J. B. Phillips

Elizabeth Montcastle Johnson

The Infinite Thought and Other Poems

By *ELIZABETH MOUNTCASTLE JOHNSON*



FIRST EDITION

Published by
HOFFMAN PRESS
Los Angeles, Cal.

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

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by
ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Los Angeles, Cal.

75 1000
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DEDICATED
TO
MY LIFE LONG PAL
ROSE EDWARDS MABLE

444272



ROSE

No matter the distance
That lies between,
As night brings each day to a close,
A little thought message
Is wafted to me
From "Rose."

A message of love
Thru miles of space,
On wings of the wind it goes,
And brings me encouragement
In all I do, this message
From "Rose."

When sorrow and trials
And troubles come,
Who is it that knows
Just how to comfort,
Help and cheer?
Why, "Rose."

When joy and sunshine
Light my way,
Who is it that knows
Just how to join
In the song of the day?
Just "Rose."

It has ever been thus
Between we two,
And will while life's river flows.
And on thru time
My comfort I'll find
In "Rose."

If the earth were peopled
With Souls like hers,
In this life that comes and goes,
What a wonderful place in which to live,
If there were only more
Like "Rose."

MY DAILY PRAYER

*Infinite Thought protect me!
Hold me each day in Thy love!
May I trust in Thy power,
And leave all thought of tomorrow
In Thy hands.
To keep Thy law for today,
And all my days to come,
Living each one
As if I were to pass on the next;
And yet living each one
As if I had centuries before me;
Keep each hour full of kindness
For the weaker ones!
Keep each week full of cheer,
Help, trust and love
Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.*

THE INFINITE THOUGHT

THE INFINITE THOUGHT

They all filed by
In a long, long line
Down the aisle, thru space
And on into time.

Some were my own friends,
Tried and true;
Some were my Father's friends,
Old ones and new.

Some were relatives
Who, long ago
Began the journey
To a higher plane,
Who were now passing before me
In a long row,
Chanting a sweet
And soft refrain.

Some strewed roses
And lilies fair,
And some brought violets
For the thoughts up there;
And some gave a kiss
So soft on my brow,
Methinks I can feel
The joy of it now.

One was a little girl
In the long row,
Who said that I helped her,
Once, years ago.

Next was a man
Whom I never knew,
Who said I had helped him
With a prayer so true
Prayed at the Mission,
Many years now past ;
But, the help of the prayer
Is the thought that will last.

Then next was a man
Who wanted to say,
My music at the Mission
Had shown him the way.

Then a friend, who said,
My smiles and cheer
Had given him strength
When he was here.

Then a dear old lady,
Who was kind and true,
Who on Christmas I had given
A remembrance to.

And a man who sat
In my Bible class
Said, I helped him find God,
As he filed past.

Then I tried to recall
The girl to my mind
Who told me I taught her
How to be kind.

Then a neighbor came next
Who had lately passed on:
Said my laugh and cheer
Gave him heart for a song.

Then a little girl
Who's eyes were so blue,
Said I helped her
To make a dream come true,
By teaching her music,
To help her play,
And being kind to her "Daddy"
After she went away.

Then came a friend
Who remembered the day,
That I helped her Doctor
When others ran away:
And she thanks me again
For making the dress
They put on her case
When they laid her to rest.

Then a friend of my Mother's
Who always spreads cheer,
Said I helped her children
Whom she had to leave here.

Then a dear old man
In whose home I had spent
Many happy hours,

Quite content,
Wanted to give me
His blessings today
For the joy and sunshine
I had brought his way.

Then the Aunt who thanked me
For favors I'd shown
To her orphaned children,
Left all alone.

Then a boy friend from home,
Who passed long ago,
Came to tell me the most wonderful
Things that I know;
Of how good thoughts
Would free souls in distress
And give them joy,
And peace and rest.

Then somebody's Father
Came a long ways from home
To give me his blessings
Wherever I roam;
And out of all the friends,
Who came today,
His love and his blessings
I'll remember always.

There were friends of my childhood,
Both young and old,
All happy to tell me
Of the song in their soul.

And the dear old Preacher
Who was Father's friend,
Said, if I needed him
I was only to send,
And he'd come to me here
Across many a mile
To the end of the world
For his friend's child.

Now these are a part
Of the Infinite Thought,
And they teach you to see
How good deeds are wrought;
How each tiny act
Always returns home
And rewards the giver:
But not that alone,
For, see how they spread,
And the joy they give.
From the old to the young,
They help them to live.

And even in space
They remember how true,
Each small act of kindness
Helps carry them through;
And they go on and on
Till the circle they'll span,
And return once again
To this, or some land,
Where life will continue,
And thoughts grow strong,
And the progress of souls
Will blot out all wrong.

So go, Infinite Thought—
 Spread the truth far and wide.
And my help I'll give you,
 For you protect and guide
My footsteps for ever,
 While the circle I make
For your love and blessings,
 Are all mine to take.

And the long line of friends,
 Who have soared above,
Will greet me and hold me
 In the strong arms of love.
The assurance is given
 That this life never ends;
Neither love nor kindness
 Is lost on the winds.

It spins round and round;
 Thru Eternity it goes.
Good thoughts will help
 To conquer your foes;
And love will live always
 And help you to give
Cheer and comfort
 To friends while you live.

MOTHER OF MINE

I have looked all about me,
To try and find
Another dear face
Like Mother of Mine.

But nothing so sweet,
So good and true ;
Nothing I find,
Dear Mother, like you.

I have looked all about me,
To try and hear
Another Voice one half so dear :
I have tried to feel safe
From care and harms,
But no shelter equals
The fold of your arms.

No song so sweet
As your Voice could sing
When a little child,
My cradle you'd swing ;
No eyes so shining
As when you would rest
Your sleeping child
Held close to your breast.

And so, little Mother,
To you I will say :

You are leading us upward
In thoughts today;
Away from this earth
So full of care,—
I know you will find us
A home up there.

And then when our work
On earth is done,
We will join you
In your wonderful home:
And the Infinite Thought
Who works for the best
Will, in Thought, let me pillow
My head on your breast,

Till Time has had
Its work fulfilled,
And I have had
Earth Thought removed.
Then Mother of Mine,
Our Teacher you'll be
In the Infinite Thought School.

So I'll patiently wait
Till the time shall be
To give me my home,
In space with thee,—
So we wait the summons
To come up above:
To dwell with you
In peace and love.

IF

If life was full of gladsome days
That flowed by like a song,
And all our thoughts were good and pure,
And things were never wrong;

And patience had her perfect work,
An idle brain no rest:
And every one in the Universe
Helped to work for the best;

And if every face wore a happy smile,
And every eye was bright—
And every thought was a thought of love,
There never would be night.

So I think that the Infinite Thought
Just knew how lonely I'd feel
If they gave me no one to whom I might serve,
Nor a broken heart to heal.

So they gave me troubles a plenty,
And heart aches not a few;
But they gave me the strength and courage
To help carry them thru.

So I will run my little life
To the tune of faith and love,
Till I am safe with the Infinite Thought
In space up above.

LITTLE SISTER

Little sister, staunch and true,
Helping me in all I do;

Tell me, from your home on high,
Who's so happy as you and I?

We'll stand by each other
In all we do—
While you talk to me
And I talk to you.

When things all seem wrong,
Don't know what to do,
Then 'tis your little whisper,
Be true, be true!

So here's to little sister,
Staunch and true,
Helping me
In all I do.

NATURE'S VOICE

There are days
When everything seems to go wrong:
When the heart within refuses a song;
When none whom you meet
Seems to have a smile,
And not even the laugh of a happy child
Will help or cheer in your lonely way,
And you sigh and sigh the livelong day.

Then there are days
That seem just right.
The flowers bloom, the sun shines bright,
And every face wears a happy smile.
And the laugh of each little child
Fills your heart with love.
Ah! the joy they can give,
Then all your being thinks
How good to live.

And all the world
Looks good and true.
Then the wonderful mountains
Can talk to you,
And the ocean is calm
Like a silver lake,
And all the world bids you
Rejoice for His sake.

While o'er the white foam
Of the ocean breast,

When the day's work is over,
And the Sun starts to rest,
You can stand and watch
Till the last tiny ray
Drops into the water
At the close of day.

If for only once
You watch the Sun seek repose
As you stand beside the sea,
Then everything is made worth while
When nature can speak to thee.

THE PRICELESS TREASURE

Some men think they know what it means
To be poor without any gold :
But it isn't the man with the empty purse,
But the man with the empty soul.

Now most men build their little life
Within a wall of dollars so high,
They do not see the needy ones
As they go passing by.

Their only thought in life is gold,
And if pity be found in their heart
It is only the pity (that of the rich for the poor),
With never a Thought apart—
That perhaps after all
The poor man can say,
His blessings are many
And come every day.

So you'll find in life
As the years go by,
That riches are things
Sent down from on high.
And the man who receives them
More often you'll find,
Is the man without gold,
But with a heart good and kind,—

Who has paid his Karma,
And kept the law ;
And his store house of riches
Is full to the door.
And yet there are those
Who will say, he is poor.

Ah ! pity the man
With his high wall of gold,
And no room for love
In his lonely soul.

He grows weary with the world
And all mankind ;
Passes on into space,
But he leaves behind
His bag of gold, and joins the throng
Who must atone for every wrong.

So stop and think what poverty means :
It's an empty soul within,
Who is without love and sympathy
And doesn't know how to begin
To build a wall of loving thoughts
In place of the dollars so high :
Then he could see and help
As the long line goes by.

VIOLETS

Violets for Thought,
Pansies for love.
Lillies so stately and tall,
Lilacs for poise.
Both purple and white,
But I love Violets best of all.

For when I look
In their dear little face,
And remember the work they do—
How they send out Thoughts
Both to rich and poor,
The Thoughts for good deeds true.

Their sweet perfume
Soothes the heart to rest
After the day's work is won,
And the weary soul
Can sing a song
When the work of life is done.

And as Thoughts are things,
And as Violets are Thoughts,
And blue stands for truth and love,
Then the blue Violet
Always takes my Thoughts
To the Infinite Thought above.

A THOUGHT

We spend our life
In a careless way ;
With never a thought
Of what we say.
We talk of friends
Old and new,
And tell all the things
We "hear" they do.

Of how each one
In their own way
Came to think thoughts
Of a world today
That is not made
Up in the sky,
But here on earth,
And they wonder why.

Such thoughts had not
Come to them before.
When that very thought
Had knocked at each door
And tried to come in
And show them the way.
But the fear
Of what their friends might say
Made them bar the door,
And the thought went away.

And now those same ones
Are trying to say,
That fear and sin
Fill the world today—
When there is no such thing
As fear and sin,
Only as comes
From the thought within.

Some try to believe
There's a God on a Throne
Somewhere in Heaven.
They say,
But if heaven
Is within the heart,
Then God is with you
Each day.

So unbar the door,
Let the Thought come in—
Love thy neighbor as thyself,
Is a good way to begin.

Then other thoughts will follow,
For each one calls for more.
Ere long you'll find your store house
Crowded to the door.
Then you'll find no thought
Of fear and sin,
For God and Heaven
Will dwell within.

MY BOY

As Christmas draws near,
There's a world of cheer
In the memories of long ago,
When a dear little boy
Filled my heart with joy,
As each Christmas would come and go.

For Santa Claus old
Would come thru the hole
In the chimney, big and wide,
The stocking to fill:
And a tree to build
And a hobby horse by its side.

And long before day
He'd call Mother to play,
And "Daddy, come quick, make a light."
He'd call Granny to see
What a wonderful tree
Old Santa had left in the night.

Ah! those were the days,
Just wonderful days,
Days that seem just right.
And now I can say
(As mothers have a way)
He's a wonderful man tonight.

And as Christmas draws near,
I need feel no fear,
For his thoughts are strong and true ;
And the babyland days,
And the little boy ways
Are things he used to do.

They are treasures I hold
Close to my soul,
As he grows so big and strong.
For the Infinite Thought
Their protection will give,
And nothing can go wrong.

So dear little boy,
My heart fills with joy
The same as in days of old.
And so to me
Each day I can see
The growth of your beautiful soul.

Tonight I see
In the future for me,
The teachings so wonderfully true :
That thoughts good and kind
Forever will bind
Your little boy close to you.

So Mothers, I say
In love today,
Hold your little boys close to your heart,
And when you grow old
Their love you can hold,
And from you they never will part.

If he make a mistake,
Just for his sake,
Hold him closer and closer to you ,
For he is still your boy,
Your own little boy,
So long as your heart holds true.

For my heart knows tonight
That I have done right
To stand by my boy all along.
And I'm happy to say
That the thought holds today,
And my soul is filled with a song.

So here's to my boy,
My wonderful boy,
Whose thoughts are so kind and so true.
Let your good thoughts flow on
While I sing my song,
There was never a boy like you.

THE MAN WHO DARED

THE MAN WHO DARED

Once there lived a man
On this fair earth below,
Who dared to think for himself,
And dared to tell you so.
He was good at heart,
Nor thought a wrong;
His motto was love
For the weak and strong.

He strove to make
The world so fair,
A better place
For his having lived there.
He fought in battles,
Brave and strong.
Never fearing the right,
Always fighting the wrong.

And they said to me,
(As they have a way)—
He is a dangerous man
In the world today:
We better show him
That he must stay
In his own little corner,
Far out of the way.

For humanity must never
Be permitted to see
That this man is wise,

As wise can be ;
He dares to say
To all who may hear,
That thoughts are things
Which reach far and near.

And that all things are yours,
If you will them to be.
For the thought was first ;
Then, "I WILL," you see,
Makes the thought come true ;
Then the power to will
Is given to all
In the place they fill.

But the world never knows
Until we pass on,
How to value a man
So good and strong.
But the thoughts that he left
Are with them today,
Spreading far and wide,
And you'll hear them say :

"What a wonderful man ;
This man who dared
To think for himself,
And never cared
Who censured or reproved,
His thoughts so strong,
He stood for the right
And fought against wrong.

“His courage was beautiful
For all to behold ;
And a lesson we learn
From this man so bold,
Is to be sure you are right :
Take your stand, good and strong ;
Hold on to the right
And forget the wrong.”

So I say, “truth and courage”
To the world he taught,
For now he has joined
The Infinite Thought.

And when you praise
This man today,
Don't think that he
Is so far away.
He hears and sees
All that you do.
And now he knows
What he gave to you
Was the courage to stand
For the thought so true.

So to you who still dwell
On this fair earth below,
Be careful of your thoughts.
They are the seed you sow :
And the time will come
When all must pay,
For the seed they have sown
On earth today.

So send out good thoughts
Of cheer and love,
And reap your reward
In the land above.

For the time never comes
When a thought stands still.
It goes on and on
To the tune of "I Will."

It completes the circle
And comes back again:
And continues to chant
The same refrain.

Life never ends:
Neither thoughts good and true;
And somewhere in life
They'll come back to you.
It may be here,
It may be there:
But your thoughts will return,
No matter where.
The life within you
Finds them today,
Here on this fair earth
Or in space far away.
They are the same thoughts
You sent forth on their way.
So be careful of the thought seed
You are sowing today.

Now this man who had courage
To will and to do,

In the years he spent
 On earth with you,
Is reaping a harvest
 Of deeds brave and strong.
He stood for the right
 And fought against wrong.

THE GREAT COMMAND

When the Pharisees heard how the Saducees
Had questioned the Nazarene,
They called together their lawyers and wise men
To perplex this man so serene.
For He had put the Saducees to silence:
The Herodians had slipped away
To render unto Caesar
The things that were Caesar's,
According to the inscriptions they say.

So the Pharisees, their lawyer and wise men
Pondered carefully as to how they might find
Some way to accuse this God man,
This man with a heart so kind.
Methinks I can see this council
Suggesting the things they might do,
Caring naught for the hurt
They might give,
And wounding a heart so true.

The wisest of all was the spokesman,
And careful to omit any flaw,
Decided to propound a question
Concerning the law.
So vain-glorious and self-efficient
Was the true Pharisees' way.
(Some of these still dwell
On our fair earth today.)

Oh, Master, from out of the law
Please tell us, we pray,

Which is the greatest commandment?
Then paused, waiting for Him to say:
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
With all thy heart and mind."
This, I say, is the first great command:
The second is like unto it, you will find,
"Love thy neighbor as thyself,
And unto all be kind."

On these two commandments
Hang all the law.
So spread love o'er all the land.
For when you love God with all thy mind,
You and your neighbor
Walk hand in hand.

So the Pharisees bowed their heads
And slowly walked away.
Neither the wise ones or the lawyers
Had anything more to say.
And from that day forth
Did another man
Ask Him even one question more.
So He departed from the Temple,
Leaving them to think it o'er.

The Pharisees are still with us today,
The wise man, the lawyers bold:
Still asking questions, trying to confuse
The story the Nazarene told.
Beware of these Pharisees
Who send up their prayers
In public, where all can see;
Trust them not in word or deed,
They are not what they seem to be.

SUCCESS

Another year has passed on
Into time;
Days and weeks, that to me
Were kind.
Each of us lives this life—
No two, the same way—
And yet, there are those
Who say,
“’Tis a long way.”

To me each day is full
Of cheer;
Full of work and service
To those here
Who need a word of kindness
And love.
Who never heard of the
Thought above,
The Infinite Love.

Days pass into weeks and months,
And ere long
Another year has passed
And gone—
And soon old age
Finds each one,
And sings a song
“That Life is done,
And rest will come.”

Ah! No; remember that life
Is never done.
Life is eternal and continues
Like the sun.
It turns in a circle,
Never still—
Chanting over and over
“I will, I will”!
Till we are filled
With power to think, to do
And to know
Life is just what we make it
While here below.
And when things go wrong,
Clouds hang lower—
We at once place our failure
At another's door.
“Think it o'er”!

Be brave, fight your battles
All alone!
'Tis you, not another
Must atone.
This life is only given to you
For a time.
Teach it faith and love,
And to be kind,
And you'll find
Faith, love and kindness
Each day
Continue to lead you
In the way
Where gloom, despair and failure
Are not known.

And joy, peace and success
Are your own—
Then you have attone!

So as years pass on into time,
I say to you—
Let your thoughts in life
Be true.
And at the close of another year
You can say—
I have overcome all trials
That came my way,
And success is mine today.

KNOW THYSELF

Know thyself, was a command
From high forces above—
For to know Thyself
Is to know those all around you
And to have compassion and love.

For to know is wisdom,
And wisdom is to understand;
And when we know
The trials and sorrows
Of our fellow man,
We spread the mantle of charity
Over all his acts.
Charity suffereth long and is kind—
And some day we find
Faith, hope and love
Traveling hand in hand
All thru space,
And over this fair land.

So when Forces gave command
To know Thyself,
It was to help the wide world over
To get wisdom and to understand.

Far away at Delphi
Stands a Temple
With many gates—
And, on a lofty Tripod,

The "Pythis" waits
To receive divine inspiration.
And among the inscriptions
You find carved on the smooth wall,
That—to Know Thyself—
Was even then a command
Given to all.

On the Eastern side of the Temple
May be seen,
While you wait,
Apollo and the Muses,
And carved over the gate
Is the command
To Know Thyself and understand.

Life's problems are many—
Then obey high Forces command:
Know Thyself as man to man,
And understand!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

An eye for an eye,
A tooth for a tooth,
Was not a thought
From our God above:
For our God of the earth,
And the God of all,
Is a God of Infinite Love.

An eye for an eye,
A tooth for a tooth,
Is not the teaching
Of kindness and cheer.
And our God of the earth,
And the God of all,
Never meant us to live by it, here.

An eye for an eye,
A tooth for a tooth,
Best to let
Such a thought depart,
For our God of the earth,
The God of all
Is a God with a loving heart!

An eye for an eye,
A tooth for a tooth,
Is not His daily creed,
For our God of the earth,
The God of all,
Is not a God of graft and greed.

An eye for an eye,
A tooth for a tooth,
When we have
Such a short time here,
No! we better give love
And add to our store
Of faith, hope and cheer.

Forgiveness and love,
With kindness of thought,
For all who dwell here below—
From our God, the earth,
The God of all
Are His teachings, we all know.

If we keep the law,
Obey all commands
From high Forces above—
Know the God of the earth,
The God of all
Is the God of Infinite Love!

So forget the old Mosaic law;
Its teachings were never
Meant for you!
You live in a day
When the world needs love,
From hearts kind and true.

So the time that is yours
To help or to hurt
To the life loaned to you be true.
Teach it kindness, first;
Then forgiveness and love,
And all things will come to you.

THE GIFT OF THOUGHT

Oh, wonderful
Power of thought;
A gift from the God on high;
To every soul who seeks
Shall find life.
We never die,
Death is only a word,
For life is eternal.
And you
Must teach the thought
(That is part of the life)
The power of will, so true!

Now the power of thought
Will not find success
If it must stand alone.
It must be supported
By the power of will
Till the life shall atone
For every wrong:
Both in thought and deed
To yourself and others too.
For wrong thoughts,
As well as wrong deeds,
Will keep your life untrue.

Let your thought be pure;
Let your deeds be kind.
For the power to think and do

Is given to all.
So use your gift,
It's a gift that was meant for "You."
When first a thought
Begins to dawn,
Strengthen it with your will,
And as each thought is born,
Nourish it till it grows strong
And has the power to say, "I Will."
For not until
Thought and will
Walk hand in hand,
Will you become a man!

For thoughts are things,
But the will makes them so.
And to all this power is given:
For if the thought is pure
And your deeds are kind,
You are filling your storehouse
In Heaven.

So think your own thoughts:
Let no one say
What you should think
In your Soul today.
It is yours to teach,
So to yourself be true.
No one is responsible
To the life, but you!

A LONGING

Could I once more speak
To my friends on earth,
And tell them how thoughts
Good and strong
Would heal broken hearts,
And heal broken minds,
And blot out all wrong—

Had I known the things
That I tell to you—
If someone had whispered to me
That right thoughts give health,
And right thoughts give wealth,
And to all these thoughts are free—

Oh! the joy it gives me
From out of space
To speak to my friends thru you,
For you make conditions
So I can come
With my message of love so true.

So each day I'll give you a message,
And I'll give you the courage to tell
How the power of thought
Many souls has bought,
And there is no such place as hell.

So help rescue
Our kind and loving God
From this thing

They have placed at His door:
For His love for man
He spreads o'er the land,
And will live forever more.

He is a God who knows no wrath:
His teachings are forgiveness and love.
He never made you—
He never made me—
To banish from a home above.

'Tis true (as we know),
He made a law—
You must love others
As you wish them to love you.
You must be kind
To all you find,
And live a life that's true.

Keep this law of balance
Made by Him.
Teach your life to obey all commands,
Then think your own thoughts,
Let love be your guide,
And you'll find Heaven then,
Heaven here on earth,
If you wish it so.
No need to wait to pass on,
For His word holds true,
And the thought will too,
Good thoughts (forget the wrong).

All nature speaks
Of a loving God,
For it is all just a part of the whole.

The same old story
Of truth and love,
The story the Nazarene told.

So we would like to know
Who made this hell?
That's been taught far and wide;
Certainly not the Son of God,
Who came on earth to abide
For a little time,
Just to show to all
How thoughts good and kind
Would heal the sick,
Make the lame to walk
And open the eyes of the blind.

So let us learn a lesson from Him:
Let your thoughts be kind and true.
And always do unto others
As you would have them do to you.
Then in your heart and life
The result of good thought will tell,
And you'll find
You are living this life in Heaven:
So forget the teachings of hell!

For I say to you from my home above,
Follow the teachings of the Nazarene
And all things will be given unto you.
Then you'll find joy supreme.

So I say
Could I live on earth once more
I'd spread thoughts of love o'er the land.
And the Orthodox
Would pack their grips
And hide them away in the sand.

WASTED YEARS

The days and weeks
Go all too fast,
When there is so much to do.
For the longest life
Is short at best,
Don't waste the time given to you.

For the sorrow that comes
From wasted years:
The gloom, the tears,
Must all be atoned for
Before you will find
Peace, joy and love sublime.
Oh! how we wish
We had known long ago
The joy of service here below.

Had we known the joy
A smile could give,
To help some one to live:
Or a word of cheer
Spoken here or there,
To chase away thoughts of fear
For this little earth band,
Why fear to live
Here or some other land?

Here in the Kingdom of right,
There in the Kingdom of light!

It matters not my friend,
For there is no end.
We must serve here on earth
And in space above.
But when service comes
From a heart of love,
There will be no tears
Over wasted years.

THE DARK HOUR

Just when the way seems darkest,
Not a ray of light to be seen—
And your soul is bowed in sorrow,
Not even a tiny sunbeam
Can shine thru the clouds so heavy,
To brighten your lonely way—
Remember it is always the darkest
Just before peep of day.

“My burden is heavy,
I can bear no more,”
Is never quite safe to say—
For the burden we feel
We could never endure,
We may be called on to bear today.

So cultivate a grateful, contented mind
No matter what the situation may be :
In the darkest condition
To look for some light,
And be thankful
For what you can see.
For the mind, like the body,
Can be trained to see gloom,
Even tho the sun is shining bright :
You forget all your blessings,
You refuse to see day
But only the gloom and the night.

The silver lining
That's behind every cloud
Is only waiting for day—
So have faith and hope,
For clouds pass on,
But the silver lining will stay!

I have seen some clouds
So thick and black—
I felt they had come to stay:
But in time they roll by,
And now I know
The dark hour is just before day.

DADDY

My wonderful, wonderful Daddy,
With hair as white as snow,
I am wishing that I were near you
For there are things I want to know.

You who are always ready to give
To all from your bountiful store
Of love and cheer and sympathy,
No one could ask for more.

For love you give in plenty
And cheer you spread far and wide.
And the sympathy I could find today
If I were at your side.

But miles and miles lay between us,
And yet, I feel you so near—
For the Infinite Thought has assured me
You are sending me words of cheer.

You say, be brave and strong, dear,
For I am helping you each day
By sending you a loving thought
To help you on your way.

Come pillow your head on my shoulder:
Be my little girl once again
And I will sing you a lullaby,
To a soft and sweet refrain.

'Tis a long, lone road of trouble
That we have travelled together,
And you and I have seen some clouds,
But lots of sunshiny weather.

So I am holding you in my wall of Thoughts,
Though the Continent divide.
I am giving you a kiss
For you are at my side.

You who have paid your balance dear,
Come rest in Daddy's arms
The same as when a little girl,
He'll shield you from all harm.

THE CROSS IN MY HAND

The Cross in my hand
Is a command
To heal!
To relieve the suffering and distressed,
And I have all revealed.

The Cross in my hand
Is a command
To be kind!
To teach love, sympathy and cheer
For all time.

The Cross in my hand
Is a command
To be true!
To be faithful in all things
I am called to do.

So let me obey the command
To heal, to be kind, to be true!
For the Cross within my hand
Tells me I have work to do.

LOVELY NIGHT

There are those who say
They love the day
With the Sun shining
Warm and bright:
But for me,
The stars and Moon
Have a song they croon
And I call it
"My Lovely Night."

For the moon-beams cold,
Like the story old,
Hides his face
From his rival the Sun.
And when he goes to rest,
The Moon peeps from his nest,
And seeing the day's work is done,
He comes creeping so proud
Thru the door of some cloud—
To keep watch o'er the earth
At night.
For lovers all know
He directs Cupid's bow,
And he always aims
Just right.

Then millions of stars
Lend their twinkling light
To this moon-beam up above—
And they help him to sing

“My Lovely Night,”
A night of joy and love!

Have you ever seen
Two lovers dream
In the sunshine,
Warm and bright?
No! they hide away
From the Sun and day,
And wait for the Moon
And night.

Once this Moon
On the third of June,
When he was so wonderfully new—
When a silver rim
Was all to be seen of him,
He directed an arrow so true,
For by his side so near—
A tiny star nestled there—
Seemingly happy and bright:
This star seemed to know
Just how Cupid's bow
Had made this her “Lovely Night.”

To the Moon it meant
He had been content;
For to him the story
Was old.
But to the star so bright
It was a happy night—
And as much to the Moon
She told.

All who may,
Can have the Sun and day:
But to me,
The most wonderful sight
Is this moon-beam proud,
Peeping out from some cloud
Making my "Lovely Night."

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

She was a dear little girl
With straight, red hair;
And eyes so big and blue,
And a face so sweet—
And a heart so big
And Thoughts so kind and true.

She made you feel
When near your side,
(In her own little spiritual way)
That she had only come
To visit the earth
And had never meant to stay.

So she found her way
Into many a heart
Where she left her Thoughts of cheer.
And many of us
Who are better today,
For her little visit here.

She had the deepest love
For things that were pink,
In ribbons and dresses and hose.
And her fondness for flowers,
The one she loved best
Was a beautiful big pink rose.

So I keep on my table,
That stands in my room

A bowl of pink flowers for cheer.
And she visits with me,
And little secrets we tell
Of how she would like to come near

To the dear ones at home;
But their grief and their tears
Hang like a veil between:
While their Thoughts are true,
But she wishes they knew
That to die, is not as it seems.

So if they will stop grieving,
And place on a stand
A bowl of roses so pink,
I'll visit them there
And from out of space
Will try to help them think.

For bright, happy Thoughts
Helps the heart grow young,
And are character builders too.
So think of me here
In a spirit of cheer,
As a visit I made to you.

So spread good Thoughts,
Bright, happy Thoughts.
Help the old, sad world to see:
For in as much
As you give to them,
You do it unto Me.

So dry your tears,
And calm your fears.

For life is eternal you know.
And Thoughts are things
Both good and bad,
And follow where ere you go.

So think loving Thoughts;
Send them far and wide
And they will always come back to you.
And they will strengthen me here,
And help you there
In the work I have to do.

For my work is to visit
The flowers everywhere,
And give to them whispers of love.
For their little life
Is part of the Thought
That is sent out from above.

So begin by thinking,
Of the circle we make
In the endlessness of time.
Have good, wholesome Thoughts,
The same loving Thoughts,
And some day I know you will find.

That the Thoughts you sent out
Have returned once again
To fill all your days with cheer.
And your memories of me
Must be bright and true
Before they will let me come near.

So now get the flowers,
The pink rose I love best

And place on the stand in your room.

And be happy and gay,

And watch every day

For I am going to visit you soon.

FRIEND

What is a friend?
How many do you find
As you come and go each day?
'Tis said, only one
Comes to each of us
As thru life we wend our way.

Now friendship, 'tis said,
Is a much abused word,
May be lightly spoken by you.
But I know one
Whom I have found,
Always faithful and true.

She has big, grey eyes,
And golden hair,
And some dear, little freckles too:
But a heart so big,
Full of love for all,
And a happy smile for you.

She spends much time
Each day in thought,
Searching for some one to cheer:
And I know the life
That's been loaned to her
Has been taught love and kindness here.
Her motto is love,
Her watchword is truth

For all who pass her way.
And this old world
Is a better world
For the life she is living today.

When our work here is finished,
As it will be in time,
One of us must pass on, and yet
I know we will remember
Our friendship here,
My dear friend I call "Pet."

SMILES

Do you know the joy
That comes from a smile?
Can you see the face
Of a little child,
And not receive
From his smile so true,
A lesson in faith
Just meant for you?

Can you pass them by
On a crowded street,
Weary sad faces
Of those you meet—
And not smile a greeting
To the face so sad,
But just pass by—
Would you still be glad?

Can you look at the flowers
That bloom for all—
The violet, the rose;
The stately lily, so tall,
And not smile a greeting
Of thanksgiving to them?
For remember, their life
Is a part of Him!
Can you keep from smiling
As you go your way,
Receiving favors from others
From day to day.

If you cannot smile,
Then your soul is grown old—
And what do you find

This life to hold?
For 'tis certain that others
Whom you see each day
Will begin to shun you
When you pass their way.
Now a smile costs nothing;
It is easy to give—
And will help all you meet,
Their life to live.
It will chase away sorrow,
And to some hearts bring cheer.
For often they have known
Only sadness here.
So smile, it won't hurt—
But will help you too!
For what you send out
Will come back to you.
It may be a thought,
May be love or a smile.
But try passing them around
Just for awhile.
Then watch how soon
They respond to your cheer.
Think of the joy
One smile will leave here.
For when you help others,
You are just helping yourself.
You can give and give
But there will be some left;
And the thing you leave here
That will be worth while,
Will be love and kindness
That went with your smile.

INFINITE REPRIMAND

A heart bowed down with sorrow,
Trying to go all the way
With the worries of tomorrow
And burdens of today.
Yesterday was a day well spent,
All laws obeyed by you,
And yet, weary you went to rest
With the thought, "Have I been true?"

Will tomorrow bring me
The things I've lost?
Will the Infinite Thoughts above
Return to give me their blessings?
Return to give me their love?
Ah! You with a faith so weak,
Will you ever learn to say,
Thy will, not mine be done
On earth as in Heaven, today!

Now learn your lesson of trust,
And remember you sometimes
Need rest!
So don't try to direct from your place below,
For the Infinite Thought knows best.
They watch o'er you day and night:
You never are left alone.
So forget the thought
That you were untrue,
For I say you have atoned.

And I will teach you
A lesson in trust
Each day as I walk by your side.
So leave the cares of tomorrow alone
And have faith
In the love of your guide.
Not once do I leave you,
Night or day:
For we will always travel together,
Not for a week, a month, a year,
But yesterday, today and forever!

LIFE'S MIRROR

When you stand before your mirror,
Do you see reflected there
The face with a Soul behind it,
Or just a fact that's fair?

Are you willing to admit the wrongs
You have done in a business way?
Or can you look yourself in the face
And be truthful when you say,
"I have kept the law of balance,
And treated all mankind
Just as I would have them do to me,
And on my records you'll find
Honesty, truth and love
For all who have passed my way."

So I can stand before my mirror,
And see more than a face today.



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